

Hog Creek Review



Day 23

The daylight is breaking,
my hands still shaking,
another night that I've won.
But you wouldn't think that,
from the mirror that I cracked
and the towel that's covered in blood.
Because I cried and I yelled
for 12 hours of hell,
trying to see the new me.
So I'll try for some sleep,
and thank God I reached
sober day 23.

They don't call anymore,
he's 12 and she's 4,
for reasons I understand.
I guess drunken hugs
don't carry much love,
but this was never my plan.
Putting sinful nights first
to help numb my hurt,
but hurting them more than me.
Apologies too late,
they don't care I made
it sober day 23.